

MERIDIANA



COMICS

CARLOS TRILLO CARLOS MEGLIA

# CYBERSIX



THE BOOK OF THE BEAST





In his jungle laboratory, Dr. von Reichter produced a series of creatures. He made thousands of Technos, Types, and Fixed Ideas, all obedient and submissive to the desires of their creator, an inordinate Nazi who seeks to dominate the world.

However, during von Reichter's pursuit to be a god, a failure occurred: the Cyber series, 5000 children generated from sperm and eggs from 1968, disobeyed his orders. When they turned 9 years old, the 5,000 cybers were slaughtered in a massacre reminiscent of the extermination camps of Germany's Third Reich. Or rather, 4999 were slaughtered, because a black servant saved the little girl number 6, Cybersix, who now fights tooth and nail against her own father, hidden under the guise of a timid literature teacher who tirelessly translates Fernando Pessoa, the poet of many pen-names.

**CARLOS  
TRILLO**

**CARLOS  
MEGLIA**

# **CYBERSIX**

**THE BOOK OF THE BEAST**







**T**HE **ILIAD** DESCRIBES ARTIFICIAL GIRLS MADE OF GOLD WHO HELP HEPHAESTUS, THE GREEK GOD OF BLACKSMITHS, IN HIS DAILY TASKS. JEWISH LEGENDS DESCRIBE THE GOLEMS, CLAY DOLLS THAT CAME TO LIFE AT THE MENTION OF THE HOLY NAME OF GOD. IN 1921, THE CZECH WRITER KAREL ČAPEK INTRODUCED THE TERM ROBOT IN HIS PLAY **R.U.R.**, A WORD WHICH IN HIS LANGUAGE MEANS SLAVE. GOING BACK TO 1771, THE ITALIAN ANATOMIST LUIGI GALVANI EXPERIMENTED WITH MUSCLES EXTRACTED FROM FROG LEGS AND DISCOVERED THAT AN ELECTRIC CURRENT COULD CONTRACT THE DEAD MUSCLES AS IF THEY WERE ALIVE. RESEARCH THEN STARTED ON THE

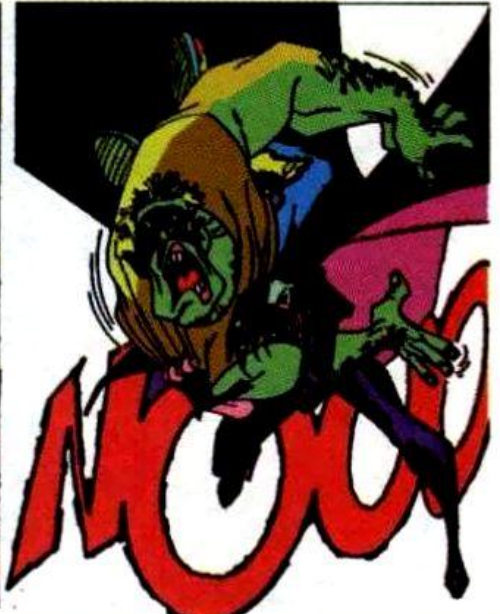


POSSIBILITY THAT ELECTRICITY COULD RETURN LIFE, OR CREATE IT.  
IN 1818, **FRANKENSTEIN; OR, THE MODERN PROMETHEUS**, THE STORY OF A SWISS SCIENTIST WHO ASPIRED TO CREATE A NEW GENRE OF LIVING BEINGS BY THE PROCESS OF GALVANIZING (ELECTRIFYING) DEAD ORGANIC TISSUES, WAS PUBLISHED. TODAY WE ALL KNOW THE RESULT: THE HORRIFYING CREATURE COMES TO LIFE AND, LEFT TO ITS FATE BY ITS CREATOR, TAKES REVENGE IN A BLOODY MANNER. THE TWO MOST WIDELY USED TERMS TO DESIGNATE ARTIFICIAL HUMANS HAVE BEEN, ABOVE ALL OTHERS, ROBOT AND ANDROID. THE FIRST ONE IS A HUMAN MADE OF METAL. THE SECOND ONE IS MADE WITH ORGANIC SUBSTANCE THAT HAS THE APPEARANCE OF FLESH AND BLOOD (OR IS IT).

THIS STORY TELLS THE ADVENTURES OF AN UNHAPPY ANDROID (LIKE THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER) WHO WAS CONCEIVED USING THE MOST MODERN LIFE-GENERATION SYSTEMS IN TEST TUBES. HER NAME IS CYBERSIX, SHE'S A VERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, AND HER FATHER IS LOOKING FOR HER TO FINISH HER OFF...

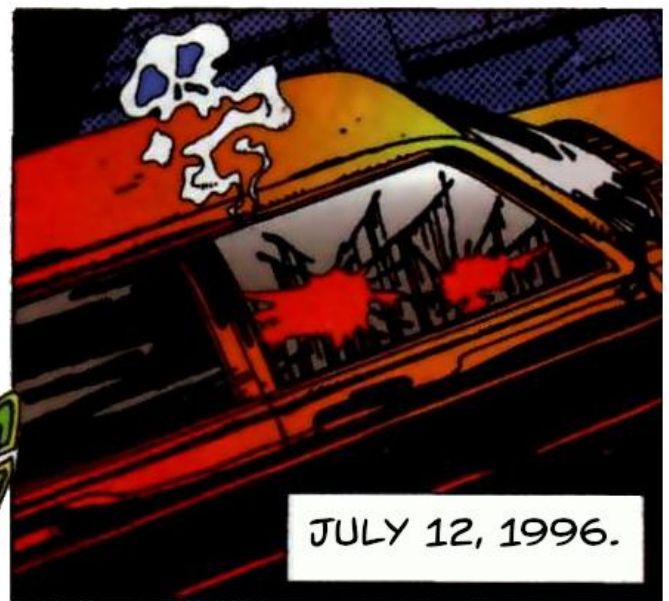






JULY 12, 1996. A MAN DIES  
AT 2:15 IN THE MORNING.





JULY 12, 1996.

AT 2:37 AM, A WHORE  
FINDS THE END OF THE  
ROAD IN THE SHARP POINT  
OF A BUTCHER'S KNIFE.











JULY 12, 1996.

IT'S 3:37 IN THE MORNING.

A DOG NAMED BLITZ IS KILLED BY A RECKLESS TRUCK DRIVER.

AND IT'S NOT EVEN DAWN YET.



IT'S NOT EVEN DAWN YET AND  
A CHILD'S ALREADY CRYING.

AHH! WHAT  
AN ATROCITY.  
ALL THESE  
SWIFT BLOWS...  
POOR ME.

MY FAITHFUL  
FIXED IDEA  
BODYGUARD...

...DIED LIKE  
A FOOL IN A  
CLASH WITH  
THAT DAMNED  
RENEGADE.





YOU, PROTOTYPE  
ARDENT ZERO, THE  
ONLY WHORE WHO KNEW  
HOW TO APPRECIATE MY  
INTENSE MASCULINITY,  
WITHOUT CRYING FOR  
MERCY.



AND ON  
TOP OF  
EVERY-  
THING...



HOW I LOVED  
SEEING YOU  
DEVOUR THE  
MARGINALIZED  
AND DEFENSE-  
LESS.

BLITZ... YOU WERE  
MORE THAN A DOG.  
I ALMOST CONSIDERED  
YOU A BROTHER.



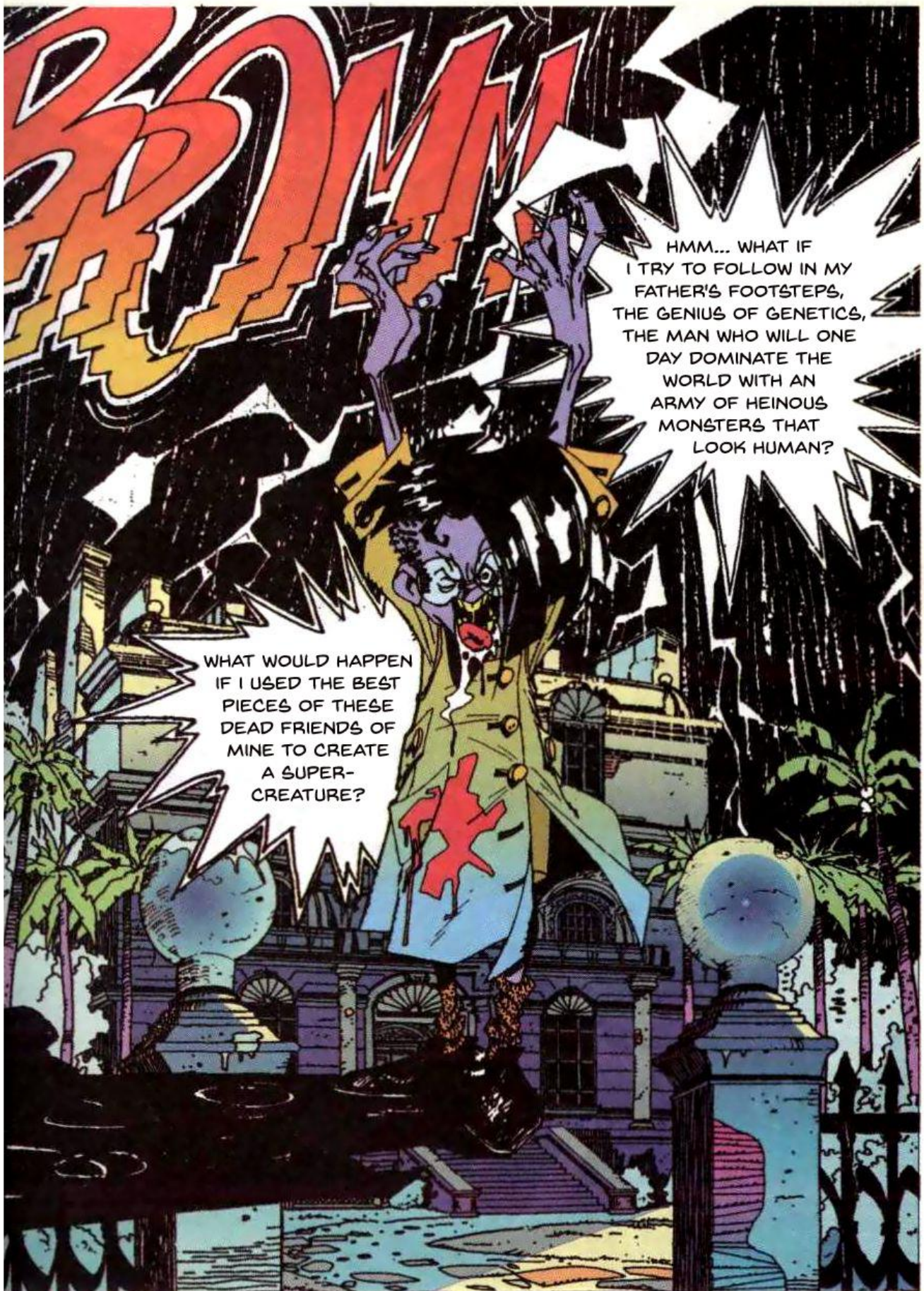












HMM... WHAT IF  
I TRY TO FOLLOW IN MY  
FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS,  
THE GENIUS OF GENETICS,  
THE MAN WHO WILL ONE  
DAY DOMINATE THE  
WORLD WITH AN  
ARMY OF HEINOUS  
MONSTERS THAT  
LOOK HUMAN?

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN  
IF I USED THE BEST  
PIECES OF THESE  
DEAD FRIENDS OF  
MINE TO CREATE  
A SUPER-  
CREATURE?

















DID YOU DO  
THIS? AND YOU  
ALSO RECORDED  
IT ON VIDEO?

FANTASTIC!



I'LL LOOK AT  
IT RIGHT AWAY.

BUT  
BEFORE  
I DO...



WILL YOU LET ME  
TOUCH YOUR TIT?

HEH HEH...

I'M SO HAPPY  
I CREATED YOU,  
LOVELY.



AND NOW,  
WHILE I WATCH  
YOUR LATEST  
ACHIEVEMENT,  
GET BACK TO  
WORK.

THE NIGHT  
IS YOUNG.

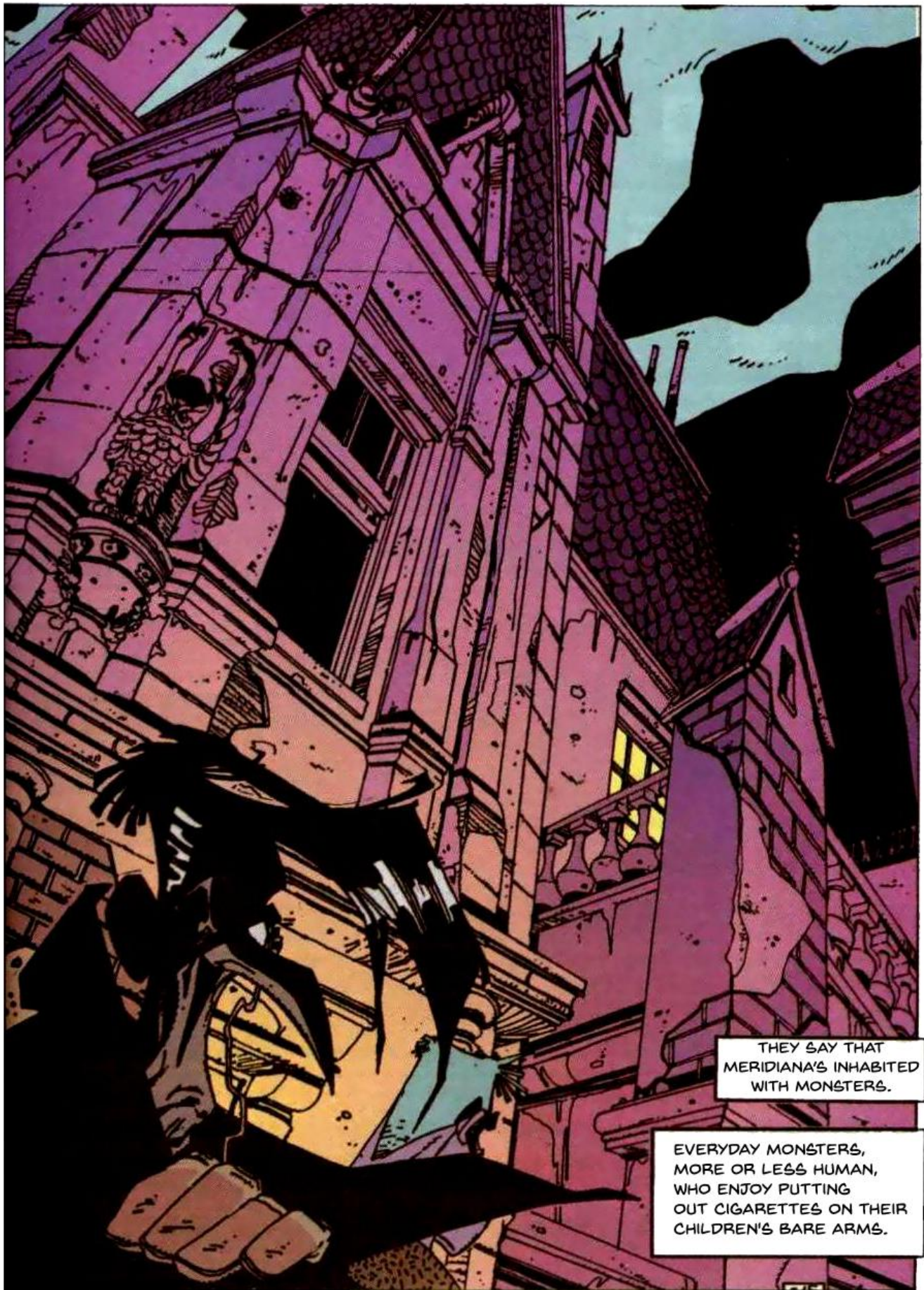
REMEMBER WHAT  
I TOLD YOU...  
GO AND  
ELIMINATE...







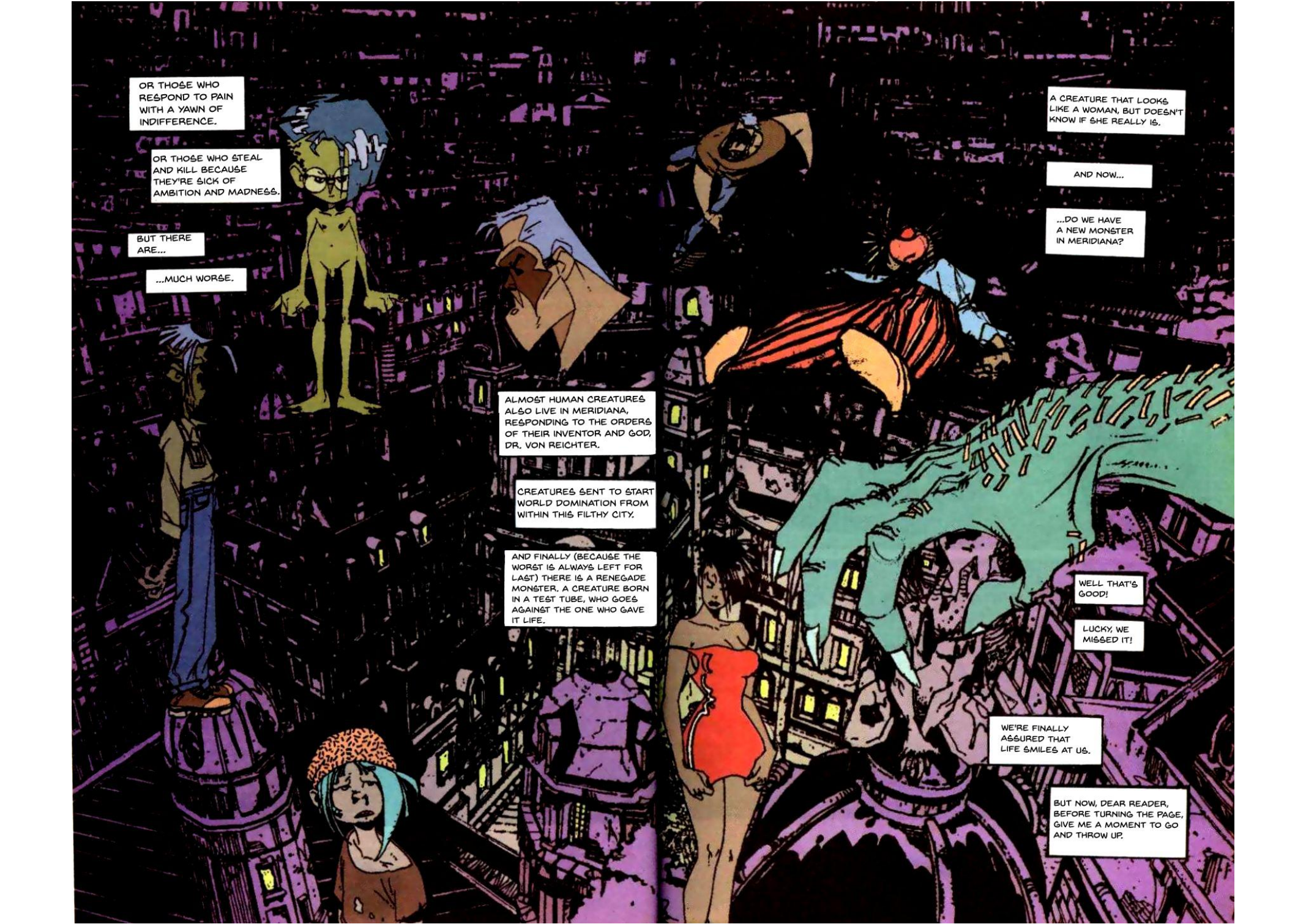




THEY SAY THAT  
MERIDIANA'S INHABITED  
WITH MONSTERS.

EVERYDAY MONSTERS,  
MORE OR LESS HUMAN,  
WHO ENJOY PUTTING  
OUT CIGARETTES ON THEIR  
CHILDREN'S BARE ARMS.





OR THOSE WHO  
RESPOND TO PAIN  
WITH A YAWN OF  
INDIFFERENCE.

OR THOSE WHO STEAL  
AND KILL BECAUSE  
THEY'RE SICK OF  
AMBITION AND MADNESS.

BUT THERE  
ARE...

...MUCH WORSE.

ALMOST HUMAN CREATURES  
ALSO LIVE IN MERIDIANA,  
RESPONDING TO THE ORDERS  
OF THEIR INVENTOR AND GOD,  
DR. VON REICHTER.

CREATURES SENT TO START  
WORLD DOMINATION FROM  
WITHIN THIS FILTHY CITY.

AND FINALLY (BECAUSE THE  
WORST IS ALWAYS LEFT FOR  
LAST) THERE IS A RENEGADE  
MONSTER. A CREATURE BORN  
IN A TEST TUBE, WHO GOES  
AGAINST THE ONE WHO GAVE  
IT LIFE.

A CREATURE THAT LOOKS  
LIKE A WOMAN, BUT DOESN'T  
KNOW IF SHE REALLY IS.

AND NOW...

...DO WE HAVE  
A NEW MONSTER  
IN MERIDIANA?

WELL THAT'S  
GOOD!

LUCKY, WE  
MISSED IT!

WE'RE FINALLY  
ASSURED THAT  
LIFE SMILES AT US.

BUT NOW, DEAR READER,  
BEFORE TURNING THE PAGE,  
GIVE ME A MOMENT TO GO  
AND THROW UP.



THAT'S THE  
THIRD TIME YOU'VE  
INTERRUPTED  
CLASS TO GO  
THROW UP,  
SEIDELMAN.

YOU MUST  
HAVE EATEN  
SOME JUNK  
FOOD.



YOU SHOULD GO  
HOME AND REST.

AND TAKE  
SOMETHING FOR  
YOUR LIVER.

YES.  
THANK YOU,  
PROFESSOR  
STREGA.



ACTUALLY,  
I HAVEN'T  
EATEN ANY  
JUNK FOOD.

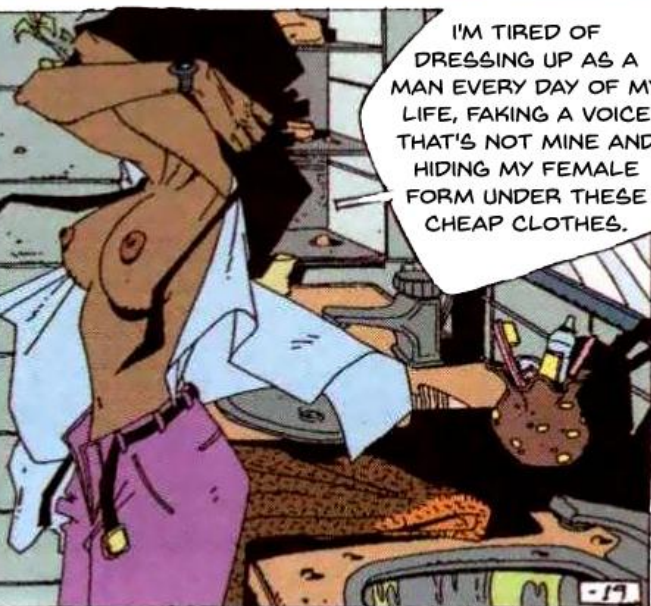
AND MY LIVER'S  
ALWAYS WORKED  
PERFECTLY.  
*GHH...*



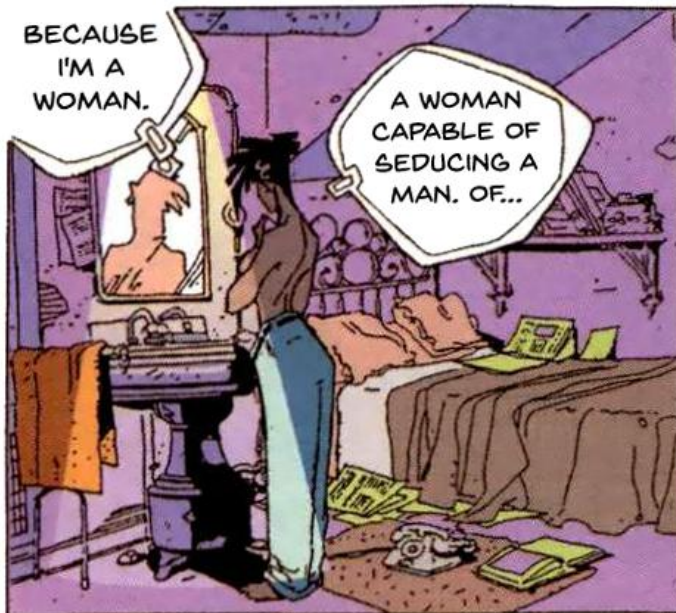
SO WHY  
DO I FEEL  
AWFUL?











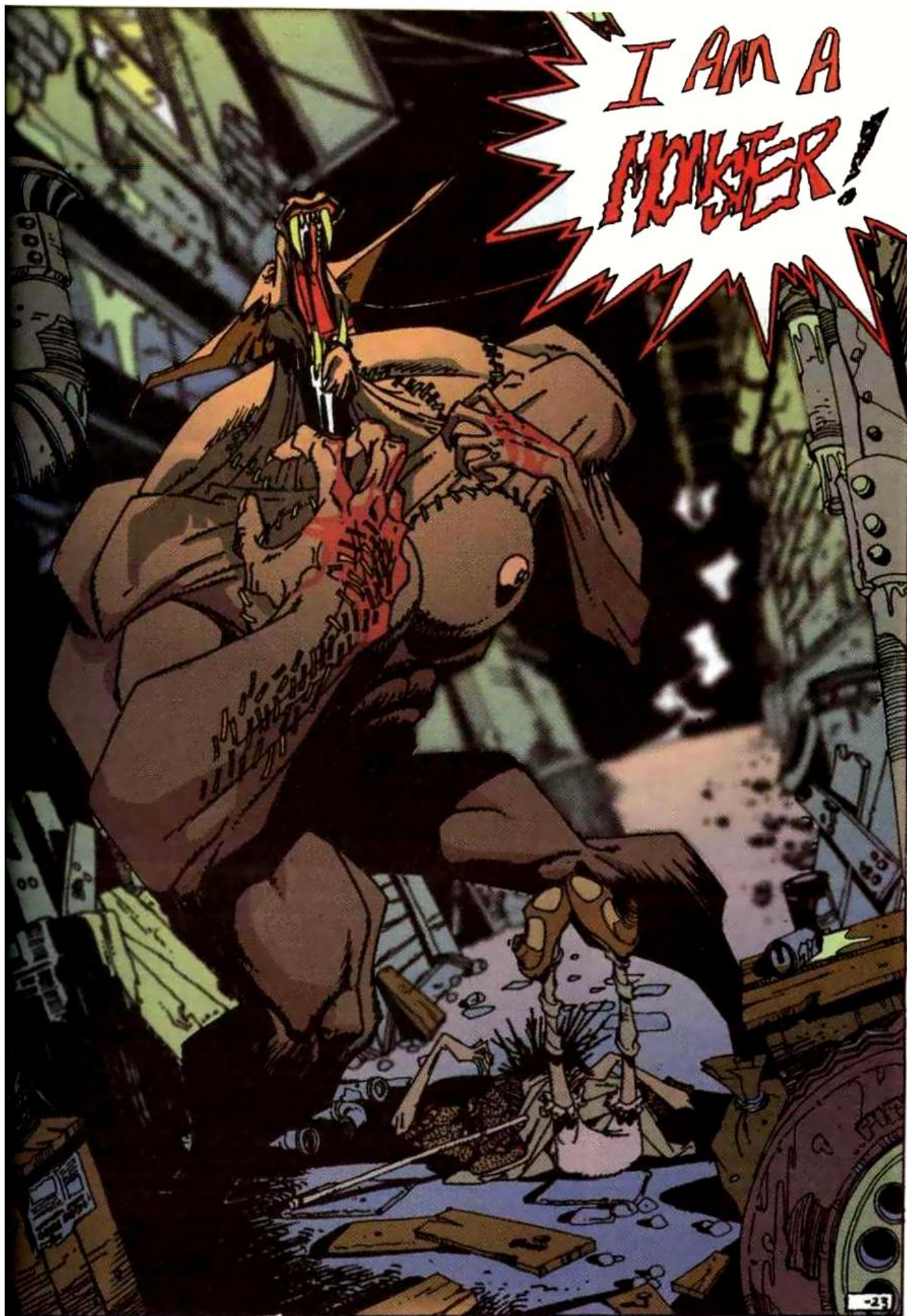
















EVERYONE WHO SEES ME SAYS THAT.

AT FIRST, I WASN'T SURE WHAT IT MEANT...

...BUT MY BRAIN IS CLEARING UP AS THE DAYS GO BY.

THAT'S WHY YESTERDAY I LOOKED IN THE DICTIONARY AT JOSÉ'S HOUSE.

AND I DISCOVERED SOME THINGS.

MONSTER HAS SEVERAL MEANINGS.

SOMEONE VERY BIG AND STRONG, WHICH ISN'T SO BAD.

OR CRUEL AND PERVERSE.

OR UGLY.

OR BRILLIANT, WHICH IS A GOOD DEFINITION.

TIP TAP TIP

BUT...

BUT...  
AAHHH...

I THINK THE FIRST DEFINITION APPLIES TO ME.

BECAUSE I'M A UNIQUE PRODUCT THAT GOES AGAINST THE REGULAR ORDER OF NATURE.

TIP TAP



AND BECAUSE  
I'M UNIQUE, I'M  
CONDEMNED TO  
NOT FIND A  
PARTNER  
LIKE ME.

UGH!

BUT  
MAYBE...

...IF I TALK  
TO MY  
MASTER AND  
CREATOR...

...IT MAY BE  
POSSIBLE  
THAT...

...HE'S CAPABLE  
OF CREATING  
ME A SUITABLE  
COMPANION.

I FEEL MUCH  
BETTER. THANK  
GOODNESS...  
WHAT A STRANGE  
FEELING.

~25





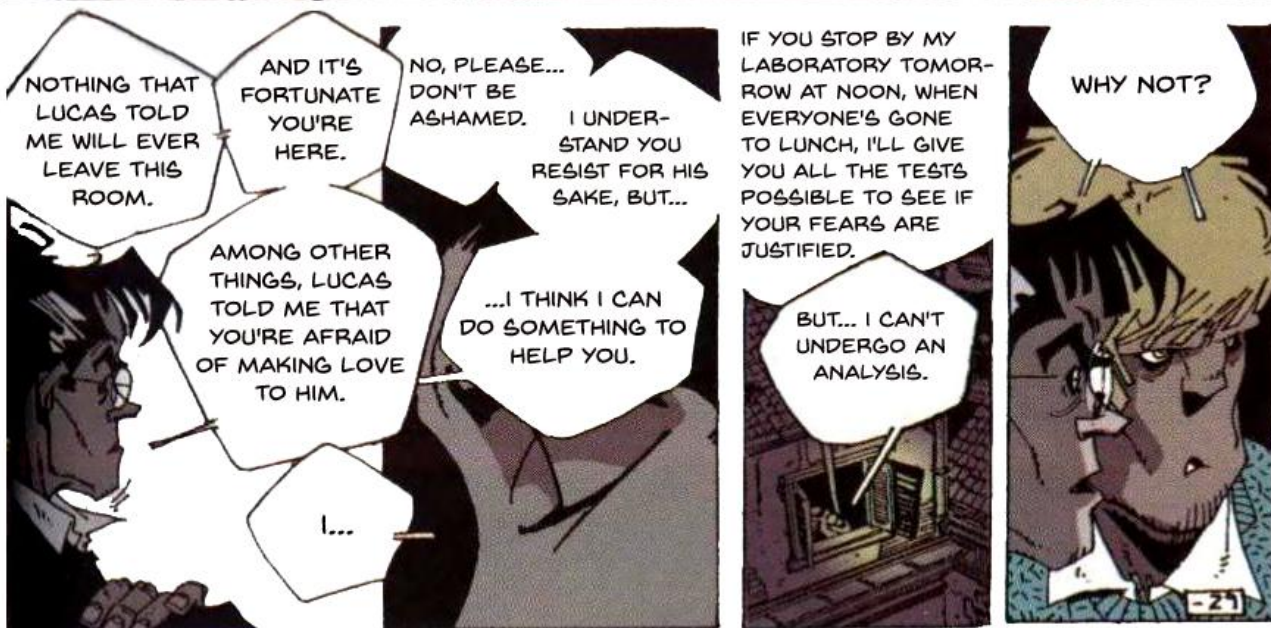
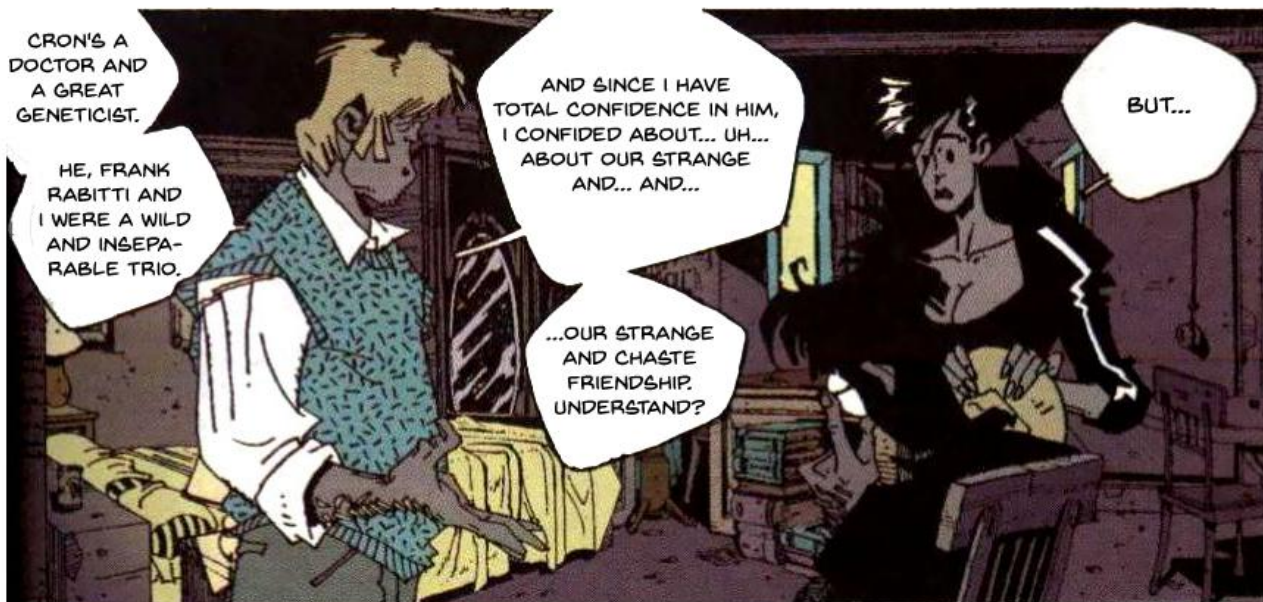
















LUCKILY  
THEY  
CONVINCED  
ME.

GOD ONLY  
KNOWS THE  
FEAR I FELT  
THE NEXT DAY  
WHEN I WENT TO  
SEE CRON.

HE LET  
ME IN...

...AND  
ALMOST FORCED  
ME TO LIE DOWN  
BENEATH ALL THOSE  
BRIGHT LAMPS  
THAT PEERED  
AT ME...

...AND HE TOOK MY BLOOD  
AND X-RAYS AND PUT  
STRANGE SENSORS ON  
MY BODY TO FIND OUT  
EVERYTHING INSIDE ME.



DONE.

WAIT THERE,  
I'LL GIVE YOU THE  
RESULTS RIGHT  
AWAY.





I WAITED.

I WAITED  
CENTURIES IN  
THAT HALF HOUR.

AND MY HEAD  
EXPLODED WITH  
MEMORIES. ALMOST  
ALL ATROCIOUS.

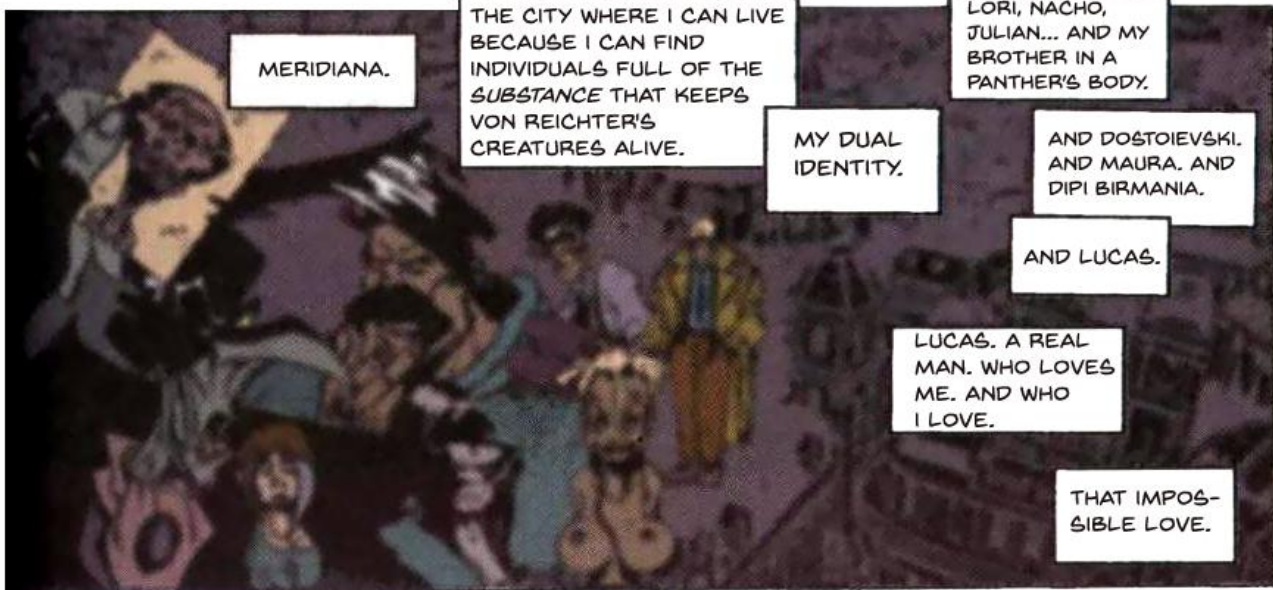
THE THREATENING  
FIGURE OF THAT  
CREATOR WE  
CALLED FATHER.

THE MOMENT WHEN  
HIS CLAIRVOYANCE  
LED HIM TO ELIMINATE  
THE FIVE THOUSAND  
MEMBERS OF THE  
CYBER SERIES.

THE OLD BLACK  
ORDERLY WHO  
SAVED MY LIFE.

HIS HORRIBLE  
DEATH.

MY ESCAPE  
WITHOUT AN  
END GOAL.



MERIDIANA.

THE CITY WHERE I CAN LIVE  
BECAUSE I CAN FIND  
INDIVIDUALS FULL OF THE  
SUBSTANCE THAT KEEPS  
VON REICHTER'S  
CREATURES ALIVE.

MY DUAL  
IDENTITY.

LORI, NACHO,  
JULIAN... AND MY  
BROTHER IN A  
PANTHER'S BODY.

AND DOSTOIEVSKI.  
AND MAURA. AND  
DIPI BIRMANIA.

AND LUCAS.

LUCAS. A REAL  
MAN. WHO LOVES  
ME. AND WHO  
I LOVE.

THAT IMPOS-  
SIBLE LOVE.



DID YOU HEAR  
WHAT I SAID?

HUH?

NO, SORRY. I WAS  
IN THE DARKEST  
PIT YOU COULD  
POSSIBLY IMAGINE.

I DIDN'T  
HEAR YOU  
COME BACK.

TELL ME  
AGAIN...

I CONGRAT-  
ULATED YOU,  
SILLY.

THERE'S NOTHING  
IN YOU THAT COULD  
HURT LUCAS IF YOU  
HAVE INTERCOURSE.

YOU'RE  
ABSOLUTELY  
NORMAL.

YOU JUST HAVE THAT  
CURIOUS ADDICTION  
TO A FERROUS COM-  
POUND, WHICH YOU CAN  
PROCURE ANYWAY.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL  
LIKE YOU CAN'T LIVE  
ANOTHER MINUTE  
WITHOUT LOVE.

HURRY, GO  
TO HIM!





END OF FIRST CHAPTER









ALL LIVING THINGS,  
EVEN THIS POOR  
COCKROACH, HAVE  
A HARMONIOUS  
RELATIONSHIP WITH  
THE REST OF  
CREATION!

WHAT AN  
ELABORATE  
SPEECH FROM  
AN INFERIOR  
BEING SUCH AS  
YOURSELF, YOU  
WRETCH.



TRIVIAL!



I ONLY ASKED YOU TO  
BUILD A COMPANION  
THAT LOOKED LIKE ME  
SO I WOULDN'T BE SO  
ALONE!

AND YOU  
COLDLY AND  
DELIBERATELY  
LAUGHED AT  
ME, MASTER.



I DEMAND, IN  
THE NAME OF LIFE,  
THAT YOU DO WHAT  
I ASK OR...

OR WHAT?  
YOU'LL KILL  
ME?

I DON'T  
THINK SO.



YOU CAN'T. ALL OF  
YOUR PARTS ARE FROM  
BEINGS MY FATHER  
CREATED IN HIS  
LABORATORY AND  
THEY'RE DESIGNED  
TO NEVER HURT THE  
ONE THAT GAVE  
THEM LIFE.

I AM  
COMPLETE, WHICH  
IS DIFFERENT  
THAN ALL THE  
PARTS ON THEIR  
OWN.





I'M A  
DESPERATE  
BEING.

A UNIQUE  
CREATURE THAT'S  
UNHAPPY WITH ITS  
SINGULARITY.

IF YOU DON'T BUILD  
ME THE PARTNER  
I'M ASKING FOR...

...I'LL DESTROY  
EVERYTHING YOU  
LOVE IN LIFE.

IF YOU DO,  
YOU'LL PAY  
FOR IT, YOU  
FILTHY BEAST!



I'LL KILL  
YOUR FATHER...  
YOUR ASSISTANT  
HELMUT...

HA! YOU'D ONLY  
BE GIVING  
ME ORGASMIC  
HAPPINESS, YOU  
MORON!



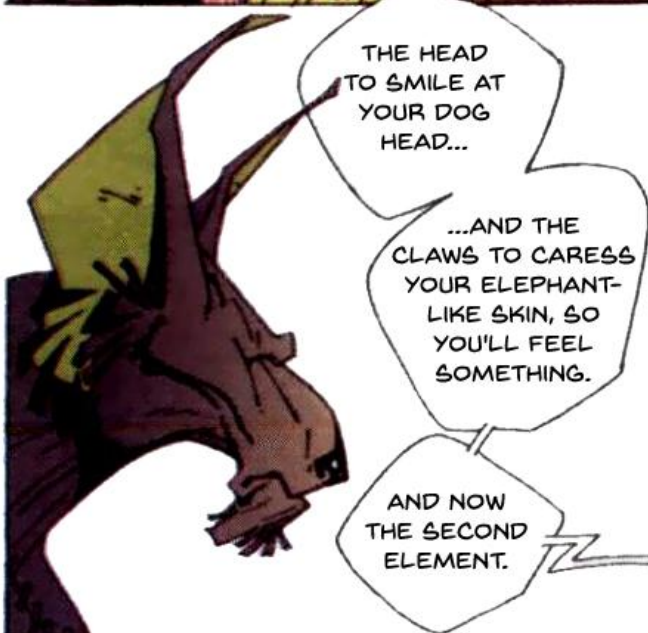
THEN I'LL KILL  
YOU, MASTER,  
FATHER,  
CREATOR!

UNGH... THIS IS  
REALLY SERIOUS.

I NEED TO  
THINK OF  
SOMETHING TO  
BUY TIME.

WAIT... LISTEN...









AND A PAIR OF  
PHENOMENAL TITS,  
ALTHOUGH YOU  
ALREADY HAVE  
SOME...

SO, I'LL USE HER FIRM  
AND WELL-FORMED  
ASS. YOU'LL LOVE IT.



YOUR PARTNER  
COULD BE...



...SOMETHING  
LIKE THIS.



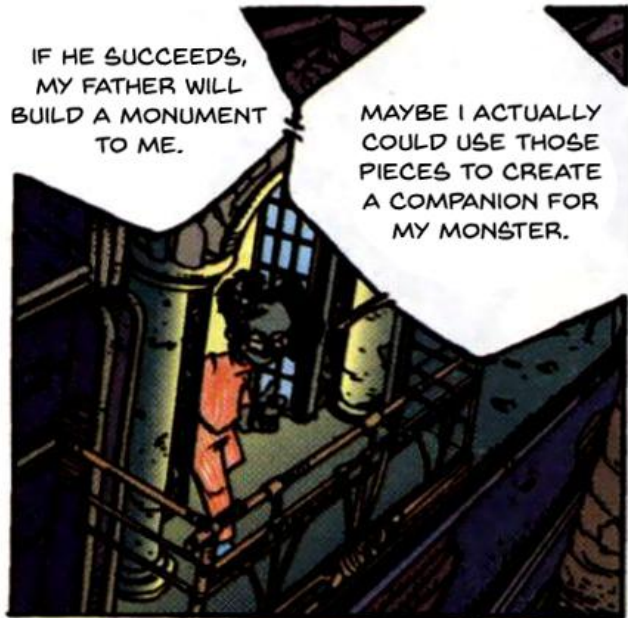
IT'S... IT'S  
BEAUTIFUL...



I'LL GO RIGHT NOW  
TO LOOK FOR THE  
PANTHER AND THAT  
WOMAN.


GOOD...  
GOOD...





IF HE SUCCEEDS,  
MY FATHER WILL  
BUILD A MONUMENT  
TO ME.


MAYBE I ACTUALLY  
COULD USE THOSE  
PIECES TO CREATE  
A COMPANION FOR  
MY MONSTER.



I COULD MAKE  
AN AMAZING  
PORN WITH  
THESE TWO!



ALREADY  
SIX WEEKS.



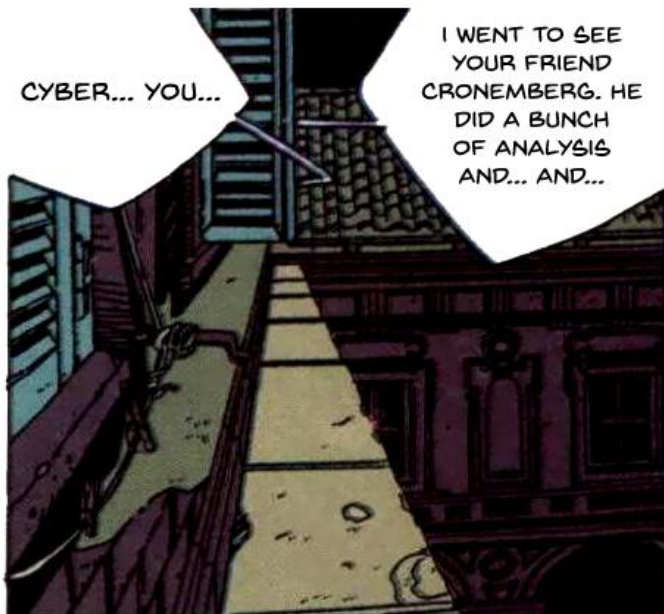
A MONTH AND  
A HALF SINCE I  
LEARNED I WAS A  
NORMAL WOMAN.

AND I RAN... I JUMP-  
ED... I FLEW BETWEEN  
THE ROOFS, TO SEE  
MY LOVE RIGHT AWAY.





LUCAS...



CYBER... YOU...

I WENT TO SEE  
YOUR FRIEND  
CRONENBERG. HE  
DID A BUNCH  
OF ANALYSIS  
AND... AND...



...I'M COMPLETELY  
NORMAL, MY LOVE!  
I DON'T HAVE A  
DEADLY VIRUS YOU  
COULD CONTRACT.  
I CAN...

...I CAN BE YOUR  
WOMAN.



... I...



...I'VE WAITED  
SO LONG FOR  
THIS MOMENT  
THAT I DON'T  
KNOW WHERE  
TO START.

MAYBE...





















IT WAS  
WONDERFUL.

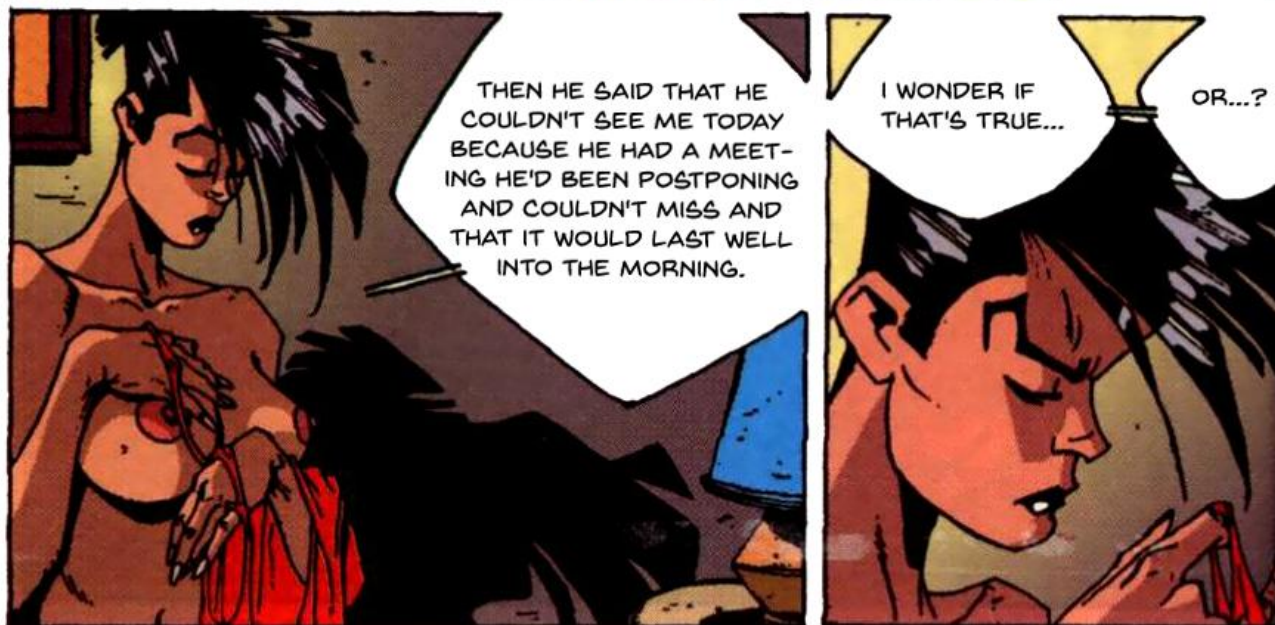
THAT NIGHT  
SIX WEEKS AGO  
I DISCOVERED THAT  
I'M A WOMAN CAPABLE  
OF FEELING...



...LOVE, OF  
FLOATING IN THE  
CLOUDS EVERY TIME  
I'M WITH THE LOVE  
OF MY LIFE.

WE SPENT THE NEXT  
FORTY TWO NIGHTS  
DISCOVERING OUR  
BODIES AND LOVING  
EACH OTHER.

YOU'VE WAITED  
SO LONG, AND NOW  
YOU'RE MAKING UP  
FOR LOST TIME.  
YOU'RE GOING TO DE-  
STROY ME. LUCAS  
SAID LAST NIGHT. HE  
WAS EXHAUSTED.



THEN HE SAID THAT HE  
COULDN'T SEE ME TODAY  
BECAUSE HE HAD A MEET-  
ING HE'D BEEN POSTPONING  
AND COULDN'T MISS AND  
THAT IT WOULD LAST WELL  
INTO THE MORNING.

I WONDER IF  
THAT'S TRUE...

OR...?









IT WAS A  
WONDERFUL  
EVENING,  
FELLAS.  
**HIC!**

YEP, DRINKING  
WITH FRIENDS IS  
THE BEST THING  
IN THE WORLD.  
**BURP.**

HMM, HAPPY BAR  
MATES. BEER  
BROTHERS, BUT  
NOT BLOOD  
BROTHERS.





COME ON,  
ONE MORE  
FOR THE  
ROAD!

EVERYONE  
WALKING DOWN  
THIS STREET,  
LISTEN UP!

WE WANT NEW  
FRIENDS! ANYONE  
WHO WANTS TO  
JOIN OUR GROUP  
IS WELCOME!

A TEMPTING  
INVITATION...



AND THEY PUT  
IT OUT TO  
ANYONE...

THEREFORE...



...I'LL ACCEPT IT!













HMM...  
GRUNT...  
SOB...

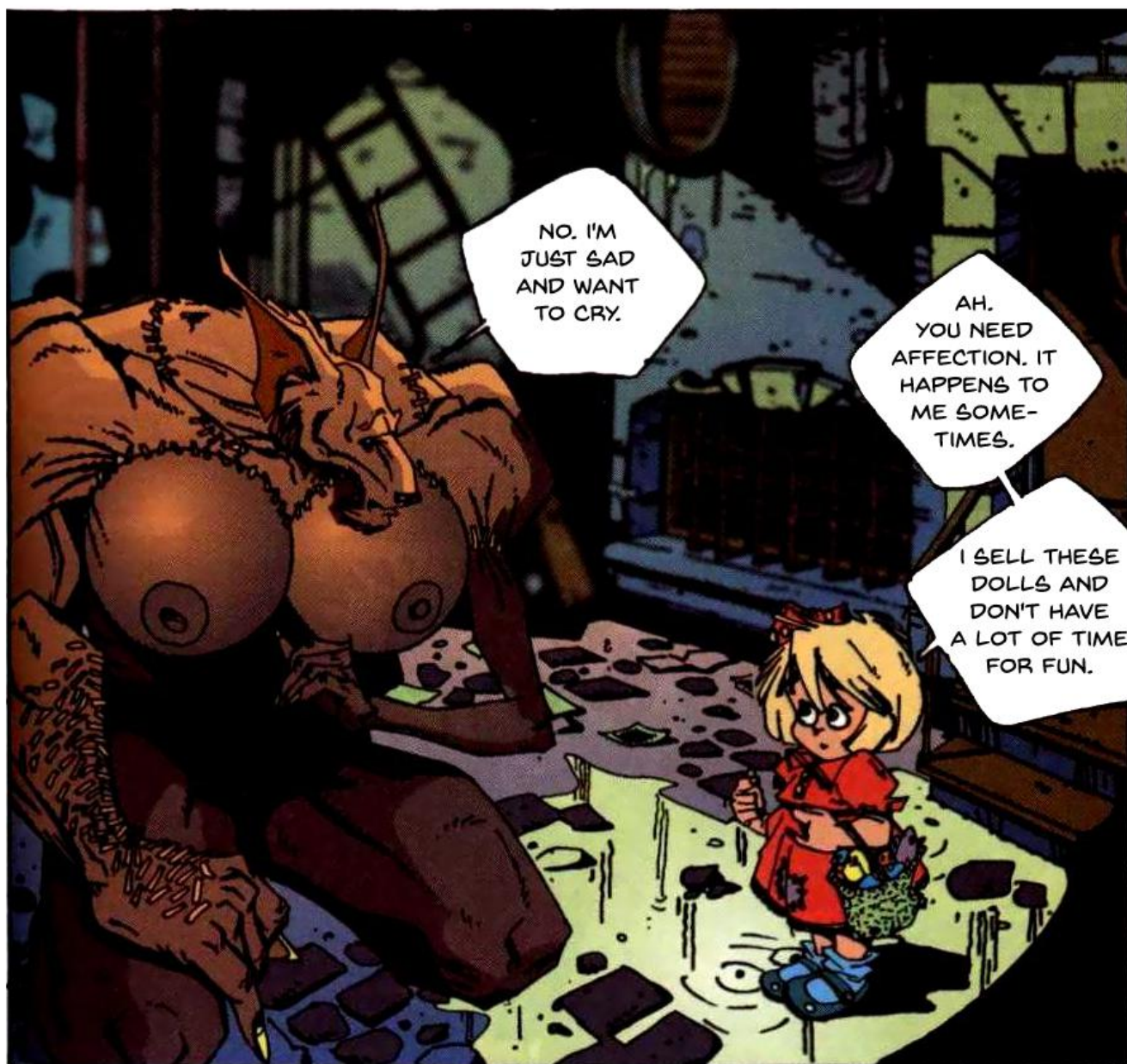


I'M ALMOST  
OUT OF BREATH...  
HUFF...

SOMETHING  
WRONG?







NO. I'M  
JUST SAD  
AND WANT  
TO CRY.

AH.  
YOU NEED  
AFFECTION. IT  
HAPPENS TO  
ME SOME-  
TIMES.

I SELL THESE  
DOLLS AND  
DON'T HAVE  
A LOT OF TIME  
FOR FUN.



MY NAME'S  
CELESTE.

AND AT THIS  
HOUR THERE'S NO  
ONE TO SELL TO  
ANYMORE.

IF YOU WANT,  
WE CAN PLAY  
TOGETHER. GIVE  
ME YOUR HAND.



HEY, THIS  
FEELS LIKE  
A WOMAN'S  
HAND.

BUT YOU  
HAVE A MAN'S  
VOICE, DEEP...

...AND  
HOARSE, LIKE  
A BIG DOG.

OH, SORRY...













I DIDN'T NOTICE.



POOR THING.  
SHE'S ALSO  
DIFFERENT FROM  
THE OTHERS.

...AND...

...AND...



...LIKE ME...  
I CAN'T  
STOP BEING  
DIFFERENT.

BUT  
MAYBE  
SHE...

MAYBE SHE  
CAN.















THE MORAL  
OF ALL  
THIS IS...

...I MUST  
DEVOTE  
MYSELF TO  
WHAT MASTER  
JOSÉ ASKED  
ME TO DO.

I WILL FIND  
THAT PANTHER AND  
THAT WOMAN AND  
BRING THEM TO HIM  
AND, WITH THEIR PIECES,  
HE WILL BUILD MY  
COMPANION.



THE PANTHER  
WILL BE EASY  
TO CATCH.

THE SMELL OF  
WILD BEASTS IS  
EASY TO DETECT.  
SNIFF... SNIFF...

HE'LL LEAD ME  
TO CYBERSIX,  
THEY HAVE A  
FAMILIAL BOND.

HOW NICE, I'LL  
HAVE A PARTNER.  
HA HA!



I'VE ALREADY  
FALLEN  
IN LOVE.  
SIGH...

I'LL CALL  
FROM HERE.





HERE'S A  
DISCREET  
PHONE.  
HARDLY  
ANYONE  
USES IT.

YES. I'LL CALL  
FROM HERE.



HELLO? I'D LIKE TO  
SPEAK TO LUCAS  
AMATO, PLEASE.

A-A-  
AAAT...



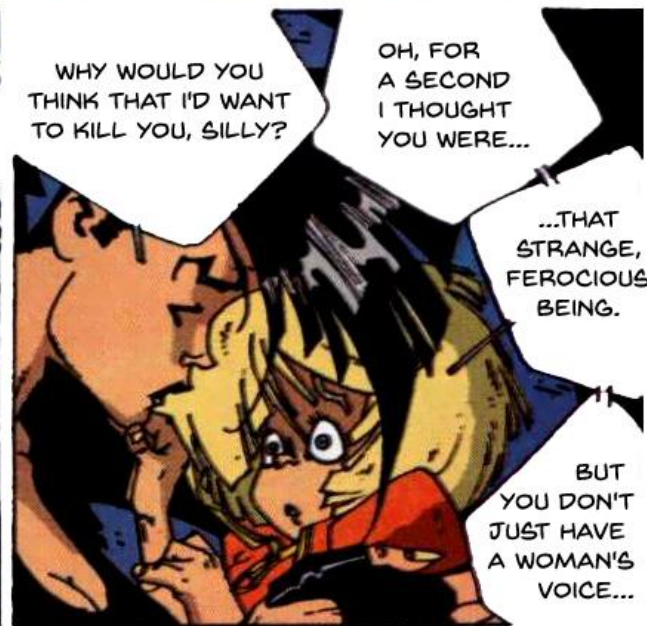
...TCHOUU!

HUH...?  
WHAT...?



DON'T RUN  
AWAY. WHAT'S  
WRONG?

DON'T KILL ME,  
PLEASE! DON'T  
KILL ME!



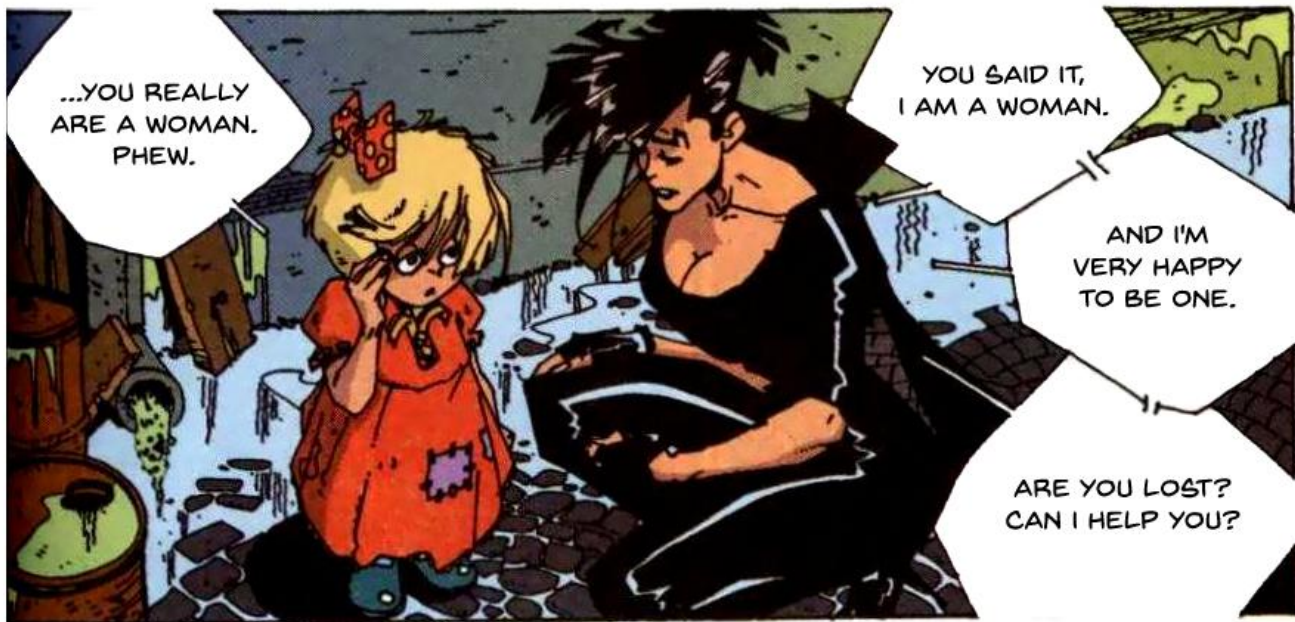
WHY WOULD YOU  
THINK THAT I'D WANT  
TO KILL YOU, SILLY?

OH, FOR  
A SECOND  
I THOUGHT  
YOU WERE...

...THAT  
STRANGE,  
FEROCIOUS  
BEING.

BUT  
YOU DON'T  
JUST HAVE  
A WOMAN'S  
VOICE...



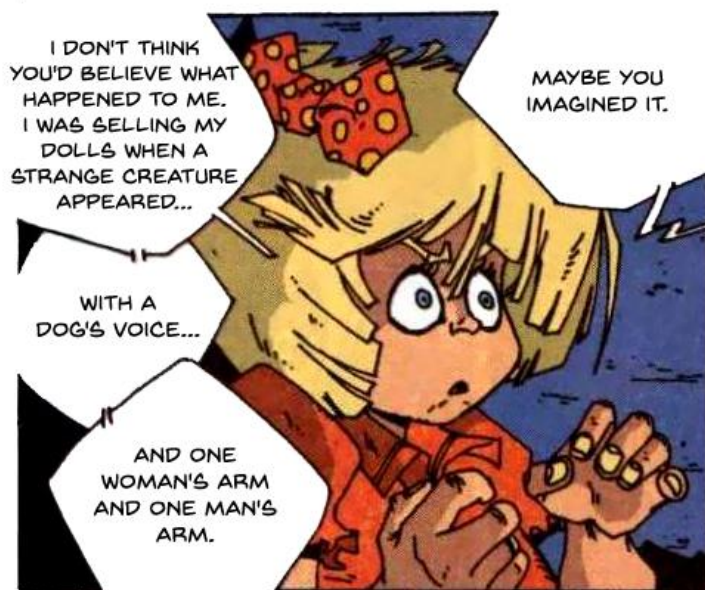


...YOU REALLY  
ARE A WOMAN.  
PHEW.

YOU SAID IT,  
I AM A WOMAN.

AND I'M  
VERY HAPPY  
TO BE ONE.

ARE YOU LOST?  
CAN I HELP YOU?



I DON'T THINK  
YOU'D BELIEVE WHAT  
HAPPENED TO ME.  
I WAS SELLING MY  
DOLLS WHEN A  
STRANGE CREATURE  
APPEARED...

MAYBE YOU  
IMAGINED IT.

WITH A  
DOG'S VOICE...

AND ONE  
WOMAN'S ARM  
AND ONE MAN'S  
ARM.



BLIND PEOPLE  
LIKE ME DON'T  
IMAGINE THINGS  
THE WAY PEOPLE WHO  
CAN SEE DO. OUR  
PERCEPTION'S MUCH  
MORE PRECISE, YOU  
KNOW?

HMM...

MAYBE SOME  
PRANKSTER  
PLAYED A  
STUPID JOKE.  
POOR THING.



THERE ARE  
LITTLE DOLLS  
EVERYWHERE. ARE  
THESE THE ONES  
YOU SELL?

YES, I DROPPED  
THEM. WOULD YOU  
GET THEM FOR  
ME, PLEASE?



THEY'RE VERY  
BEAUTIFUL. I'LL  
BUY ONE.

I'M GLAD YOU  
LIKE THEM.  
I MAKE THEM  
MYSELF.





AND THIS...?



THEY LOOK  
LIKE A PAIR  
OF EYES.  
MY GOD!

DID YOU  
GET ALL  
MY DOLLS?



HERE YOU GO,  
NOW TELL ME  
HOW MUCH ONE  
COSTS.

NO... NO...



I'LL GIVE  
IT TO YOU.  
THANK  
YOU.



AND YOU DON'T  
NEED TO GUIDE ME,  
I KNOW THE ROAD  
PERFECTLY WELL.  
I HAVE TO HURRY,  
MOM WILL BE  
WORRIED.

IF WE MEET  
AGAIN, I'LL BUY  
YOU A PIZZA.





I CAN  
FINALLY CALL  
LUCAS.



HELLO?

I TRIED CALLING  
A FEW MINUTES  
AGO FOR MR.  
AMATO...

...BUT  
THE LINE  
DISCONNECTED  
AND...

...COULD  
YOU PUT ME  
THROUGH NOW,  
PLEASE?



CYBER?  
THANK GOD!  
I THOUGHT  
SOMETHING  
HAPPENED  
TO YOU.

YOU CALLED,  
BUT THE LINE  
WAS SILENT.

...ONE  
OF THOSE  
REPULSIVE  
BEINGS...

I WAS  
AFRAID THAT...  
MAYBE...

...ATTACKED YOU.

ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT?

HMM, NOT  
QUITE...



BECAUSE  
YOU'RE NOT  
WITH ME.

THE MEETING'S  
OVER AND I'M  
HEADING HOME.

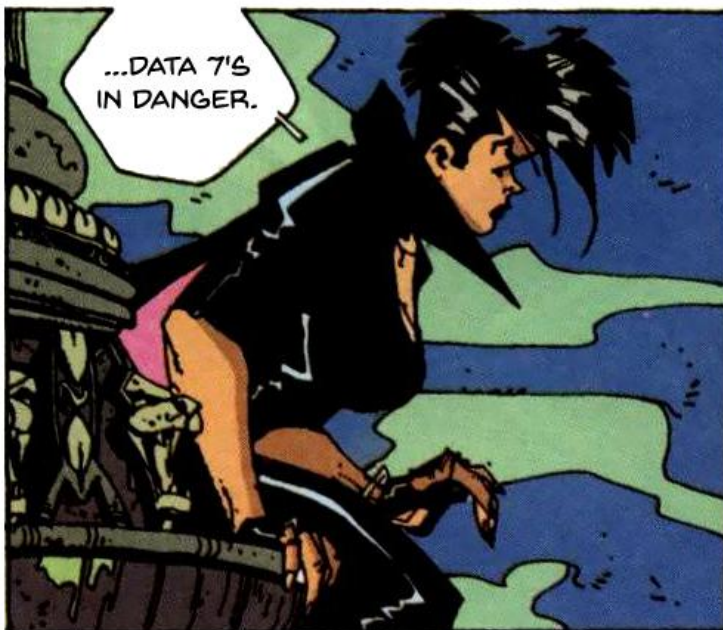
I'LL SEE  
YOU THERE  
IN TEN  
MINUTES,  
OKAY?



OKAYOKAYOKAY!

I'M COMING,  
MY LOVE!









THERE'S NO  
ESCAPE,  
KITTEN.

I MANAGED  
TO CORNER YOU  
IN YOUR OWN  
TERRITORY.



MY ANIMAL  
PERCEPTION IS  
SUPERIOR TO  
YOURS.

I ONLY HAVE  
TO LOOK AT YOU  
TO KNOW EVERY-  
THING ABOUT  
YOU...



YOU HAVE A  
HUMAN BRAIN  
LIKE MINE.

BUT YOU  
WEREN'T GIVEN  
THE GIFT OF  
SPEECH.

COME HERE, YOU  
KNOW YOU CAN'T  
BEAT ME.

I FEEL YOUR  
HEART RACING.



I SENSE THE  
ADRENALINE OF  
YOUR  
FEAR.

I SMELL  
THE SWEAT  
OF YOUR  
HELPLESS  
FURY.

BRACE  
YOURSELF.





END OF SECOND CHAPTER

















HERE.

YOU'LL  
FEEL LIKE THE  
TRAINED BEAST  
OF A FORGOTTEN  
CIRCUS.



AND NOW,  
IN THE PALE  
DAWN OF THIS  
NEW DAY...

...AMONG THE  
MILLIONS OF  
SMELLS IN  
THIS PUTRID  
CITY...

**SNIT**

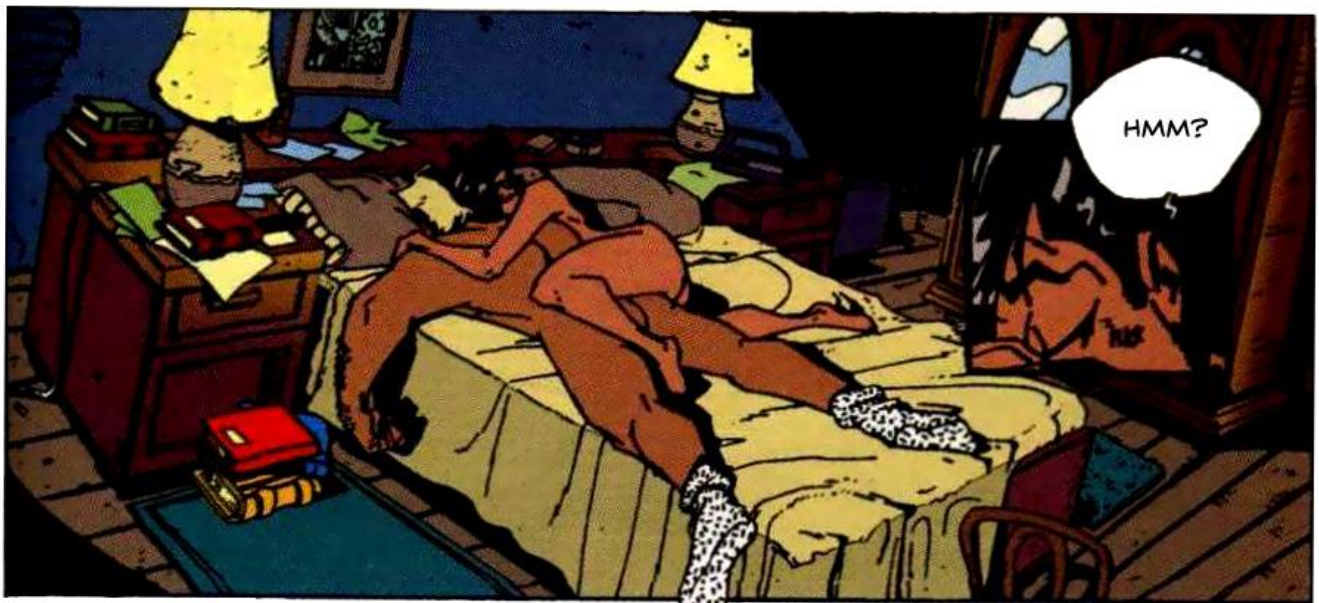


...I'LL  
FIND YOU,  
CYBERSIX.

HMM...  
YOU'RE IN  
THE WEST.

OVER THERE.











...SOUTH.









IMAGINARY BEINGS:  
STRANGE ENTITIES,  
WHICH, THROUGH TIME  
AND SPACE, HAVE  
STIMULATED THE  
IMAGINATIONS  
OF MEN...



I ALMOST LOST  
THE TRAIL, BUT  
SHE'S CLOSE...  
HEADED NORTH.



LITERATURE  
FROM ALL ERAS IS  
POPULATED WITH  
NON-EXISTENT  
CREATURES, ANIMALS  
CREATED FROM  
IMAGINATION.

LIKE THE  
AMPHISBAENA, THE  
TWO-HEADED SNAKE,  
OF WHICH THE ROMAN  
PLINY THE ELDER  
SPEAKS OF FOR THE  
FIRST TIME...







MY SENSE OF  
SMELL CAN  
ALMOST FEEL  
HER WOMANLY  
FORM.

SHE'S SO CLOSE  
THAT I CAN TELL  
THE SMELL OF  
HER KNEES FROM  
HER LEFT EAR.

...OR THE BIRD  
OF PREY MENTIONED  
BY MARCO POLO. SIMILAR  
TO AN EAGLE, BUT LARGE  
ENOUGH THAT IT CAN  
IMPRISON AN ELEPHANT  
IN ITS CLAWS AND RAISE  
IT, THANKS TO ITS  
SIXTEEN METER  
WINGSPAN.



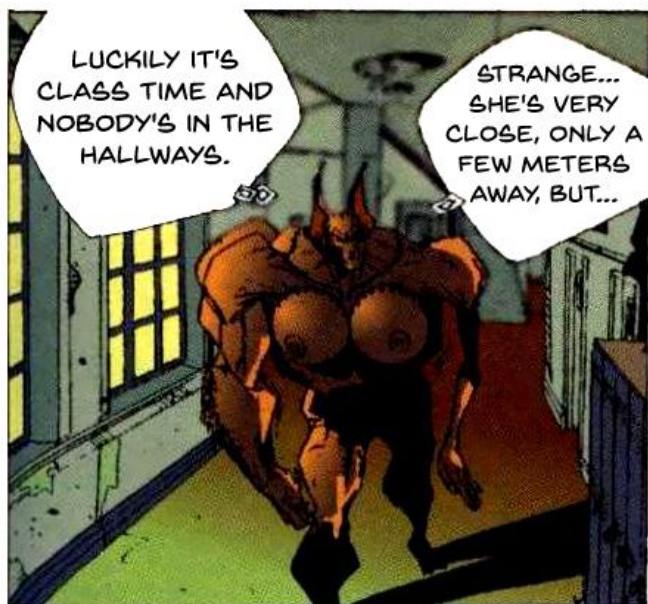
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING AT THIS  
SCHOOL? ARE  
YOU A STUDENT?  
A TEACHER?



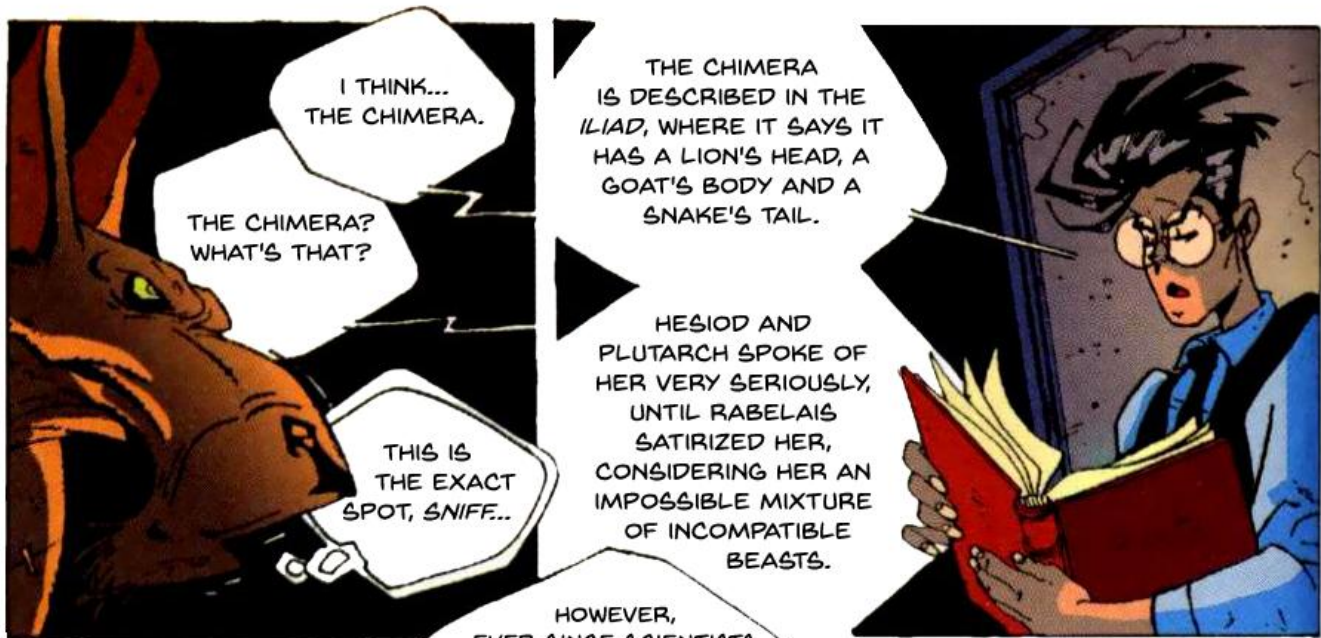
...OR CERBERUS,  
THE THREE-HEADED  
DOG, WHO GUARDS THE  
GATES OF HELL.

LEGEND SAYS THAT  
CERBERUS TORE APART  
THOSE WHO ENTERED THE  
KINGDOM OF DARKNESS, SO  
FOR CENTURIES THERE WAS  
THE CUSTOM OF PUTTING  
A HONEY CAKE IN THE  
COFFIN OF THE  
DECEASED.









I THINK...  
THE CHIMERA.

THE CHIMERA?  
WHAT'S THAT?

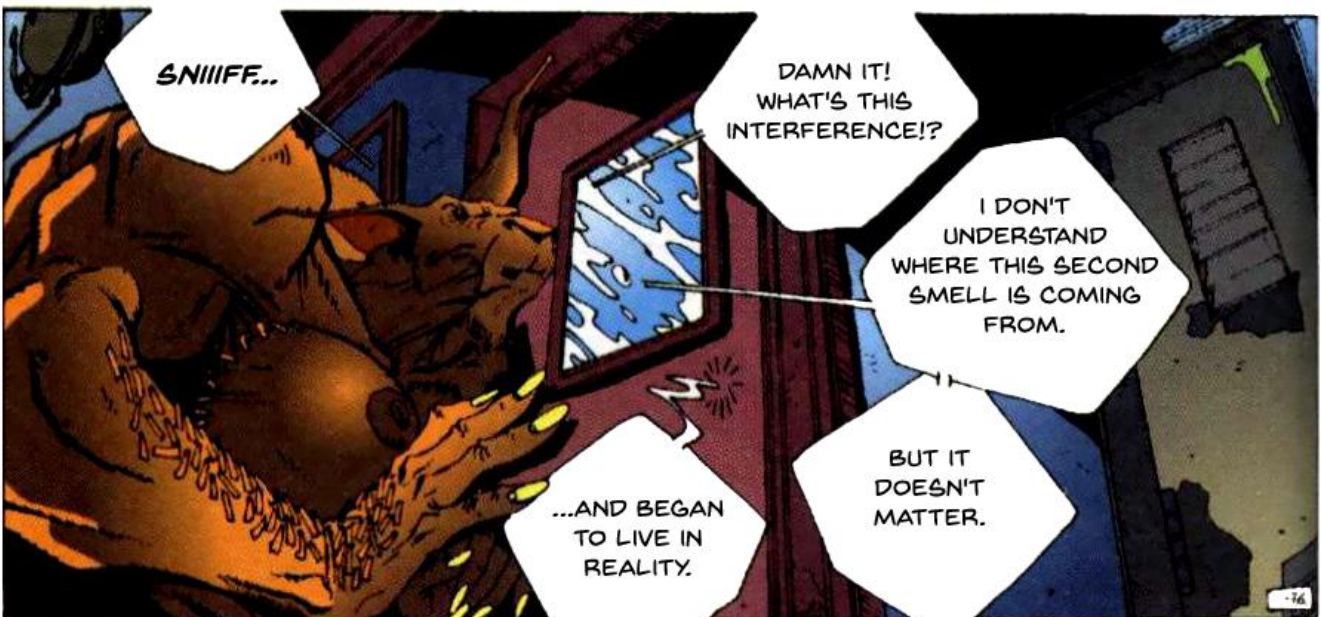
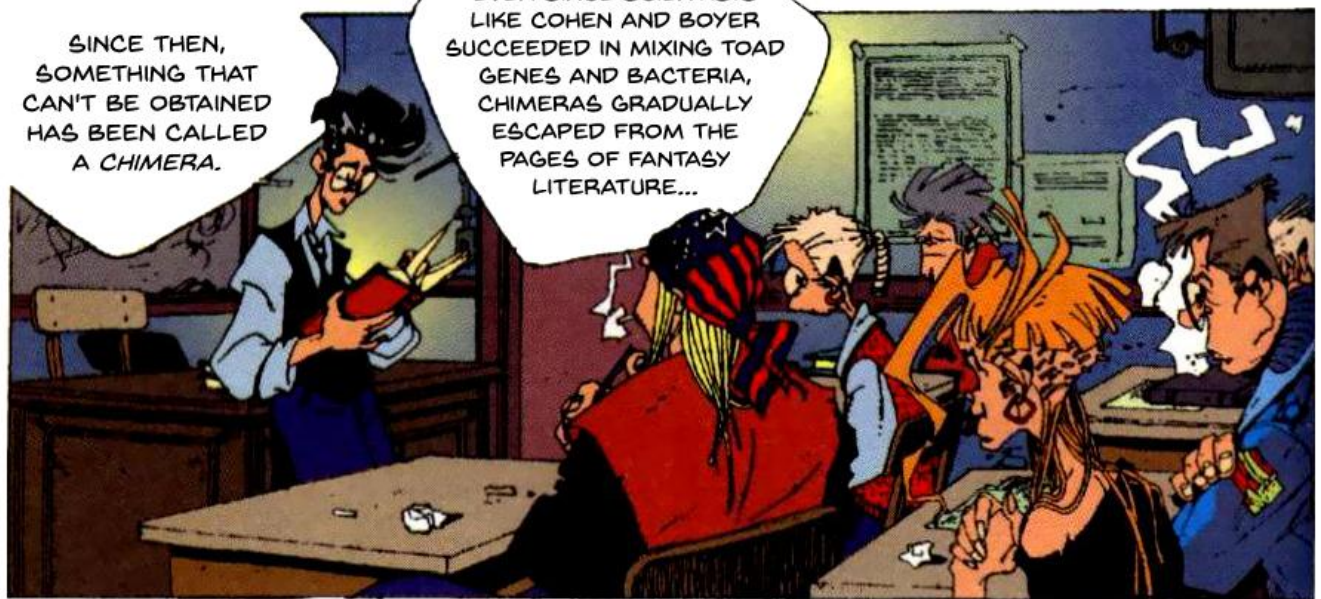
THIS IS  
THE EXACT  
SPOT, SNIFF...

THE CHIMERA  
IS DESCRIBED IN THE  
IL/IAD, WHERE IT SAYS IT  
HAS A LION'S HEAD, A  
GOAT'S BODY AND A  
SNAKE'S TAIL.

HESIOD AND  
PLUTARCH SPOKE OF  
HER VERY SERIOUSLY,  
UNTIL RABELAIS  
SATIRIZED HER,  
CONSIDERING HER AN  
IMPOSSIBLE MIXTURE  
OF INCOMPATIBLE  
BEASTS.

HOWEVER,  
EVER SINCE SCIENTISTS  
LIKE COHEN AND BOYER  
SUCCEEDED IN MIXING TOAD  
GENES AND BACTERIA,  
CHIMERAS GRADUALLY  
ESCAPED FROM THE  
PAGES OF FANTASY  
LITERATURE...

SINCE THEN,  
SOMETHING THAT  
CAN'T BE OBTAINED  
HAS BEEN CALLED  
A CHIMERA.



SNIFF...

DAMN IT!  
WHAT'S THIS  
INTERFERENCE!?

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND  
WHERE THIS SECOND  
SMELL IS COMING  
FROM.

BUT IT  
DOESN'T  
MATTER.

...AND BEGAN  
TO LIVE IN  
REALITY.









AND YOUR NAME  
WILL BE CHIMERA.  
A NICE NAME... AND  
VERY SUITABLE,  
ISN'T IT?



EXCUSE ME,  
PROFESSOR  
SEIDELMAN...

YES, LORI?



YOU COULD SAY  
THAT, GIVEN THE  
LACK OF ATTENTION  
I GET FROM YOU,  
YOU'RE A CHIMERA  
TO ME?

LOOK, I'M FED  
UP WITH YOUR  
CRUDE ATTEMPTS  
AT SEDUCTION...

...AND THIS TIME,  
I'LL TELL YOU  
BLUNTLY...



I DON'T LIKE  
BLONDES AT  
ALL.

I THINK BIG  
TITS ARE UN-  
ATTRACTIVE.

VAPID GIRLS  
ANNOY ME.

WOMEN  
WITH DRIED UP  
TOOTHPICK LEGS  
DISGUST ME.

IN SUMMARY,  
LORI CADENAS...



...I DON'T CARE FOR  
YOU AT ALL. NOT  
INTELLECTUALLY...

...AND NOT  
PHYSICALLY. CAN YOU  
UNDERSTAND THAT,  
WITH WHAT  
LITTLE BRAIN YOU  
HAVE?





















...ARE YOU  
CYBERSIX?

ME? NO... OF  
COURSE NOT!



SO THE CLOTH  
I SNIFFED IN THE  
DEN OF THAT  
STUPID PANTHER  
I CAUGHT WASN'T  
CYBERSIX'S.

DAMN IT!

IT WAS  
YOURS.

THIS IS ALL  
VERY STRANGE.  
IT SEEMED LIKE  
A FEMININE  
SMELL, BUT...

...YOU'RE  
A MAN.

ON TOP OF THAT,  
THERE'S ANOTHER  
PRESENCE THAT  
INTERFERES AND  
CONFUSES ME...

...AND...




...I'M GOING  
TO SAVAGELY  
TORTURE  
DATA 7.

NO MATTER  
HOW FAITHFUL HE  
IS TO HIS SISTER,  
THAT PANTHER  
WILL HAVE TO  
TELL ME HOW  
TO FIND HER.

WAIT, YOU  
ABORTION  
FROM HELL!





WHO CREATED YOU, YOU GENETIC MESS?

BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT A BEING FROM THE DISGUSTING LAB OF DR. VON REICHTER!

YOU'RE TOO RUDIMENTARY... ROUGH... AND THAT'S NOT THE STYLE OF A MAN WHO THINKS HE'S GOD.



ANSWER ME! WHO CREATED YOU?

WHO IS YOUR BARON FRANKENSTEIN, THE ONE WHO PUT YOU TOGETHER THIS BADLY?


WELL, IT WAS... JOSÉ.




NOW ANSWER ME...

HOW DARE YOU ASK SUCH QUESTIONS?

WHAT'S HIDDEN UNDER YOUR APPEARANCE AS A SHABBY PROFESSOR?



YOU BOAST ABOUT HAVING AN INFALLIBLE NOSE, BUT EITHER YOU HAVE A COLD OR JOSÉ'S MISCONNECTED YOUR SENSES, MONSTER!



I DIDN'T WANT TO SAY BECAUSE IT WASN'T MY INTENTION TO CONFRONT SUCH A STUPID SPECIMEN, BUT NOW THAT I KNOW YOU'RE HOLDING DATA 7 PRISONER, I'LL TELL YOU...

I AM CYBERSIX.



NOW TALK, YOU WRETCHED MONSTER!





WHERE...



...ARE YOU  
KEEPING MY  
BROTHER?



YOU DARE  
TO HIT ME?

NOBODY'S  
EVER...



I WILL  
REMEMBER  
YOU EVERY TIME  
I TASTE MEAT.

YOU DIDN'T  
ANSWER...

85





...MY  
QUESTION.



APPARENTLY...



...YOU REALLY  
WANT TO FIGHT.  
**GRRHHH...**



NOW YOU'LL  
SEE, LITTLE  
LADY...

WHAT WILL  
I SEE?





COME  
HERE!

LISTEN  
BEAST, IT  
WOULD BE  
BETTER...



...IF WE DON'T  
DRAW PEOPLE'S  
ATTENTION.

COME AND  
GET ME.



I'M COMING,  
DON'T RUN  
AWAY.

DON'T WORRY,  
I WON'T RUN.



AND I'LL  
FORCE YOU  
TO TELL ME  
WHERE YOU  
HAVE DATA 7.

NOT ONLY  
WILL I TELL  
YOU, BUT...





...I'LL TEACH  
YOU A LESSON  
FIRST...

...AND THEN  
I'LL TAKE YOU  
WITH ME, SO YOU  
AND THE KITTEN CAN  
BE MADE INTO THE  
WONDERFUL BEING  
THAT WILL BE...



...MY BELOVED  
COMPANION.

DAMN IT, HE'S  
TOO STRONG.

I DON'T THINK  
I'LL BE ABLE  
TO TAKE HIM  
DOWN.



BUT I HAVE  
TO KNOW WHERE  
MY BROTHER IS.

ARGH!



I THINK THAT  
PUNCH BROKE  
MY HAND.

I'M A LITTLE  
TOUGHER THAN  
YOU AND...

...I PUNCH  
HARDER,  
LITTLE GIRL.





TAKE  
THIS!

AHHH...

I FEEL...  
GROGGY...  
I'M GOING TO...  
PASS OUT...

HMM...  
JUST IN CASE,  
I'LL GIVE YOU  
ANOTHER HIT.  
SO...



...YOU  
WON'T BE  
ABLE...

...YOU WON'T  
BE ABLE TO  
ESCAPE.

SNIIFF...



I UNDERSTOOD  
NOW WHAT IT WAS.

SNIIFF...















LISTEN,  
YOU FALSE  
GOD...

**CRASH**



YOU'RE GOING  
TO TELL ME ONE  
THING, ARE WE  
CLEAR?

OH... YEAH...  
OUFF...  
OF COURSE...  
WHATEVER  
YOU WANT...

I WANT TO KNOW  
EXACTLY WHERE YOUR  
FATHER'S LABORATORY  
IS, BECAUSE HE'S THE  
ONLY ONE WHO REALLY  
KNOWS HOW TO MAKE  
CREATURES, UNLIKE YOU,  
YOU PATHETIC  
AMATEUR.



THERE... THERE'S  
A MAP IN THE  
DRAWER.



GOOD.

I'LL GO  
FIND HIM.

I KNEW YOU  
WERE GOING  
TO FAIL.

SINCE I COULDN'T  
TAKE THE PANTHER AND  
CYBERSIX, I'LL ASK HIM TO  
MAKE ME A COMPANION AS  
BEAUTIFUL AS THE SUN.



I HAVEN'T FAILED, BUT  
MY INSTINCTS THAT PUSH  
ME TO SAVAGELY ATTACK  
HUMANS WON'T ALLOW ME  
TO ATTACK A POOR  
PREGNANT FEMALE,  
UNDERSTAND?





WITH THIS MAP  
I'LL GO TO THE  
DOCTOR.

PREGNANT...



HE'LL SOLVE  
MY AGONY.

...FEMALE?

GOODBYE.



DID HE  
SAY THAT?



DOES THAT  
MEAN CYBERSIX  
IS PREGNANT?

BUT... EVEN I,  
A PERFECT CREATURE,  
HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE  
TO IMPREGNATE A  
REAL WOMAN.



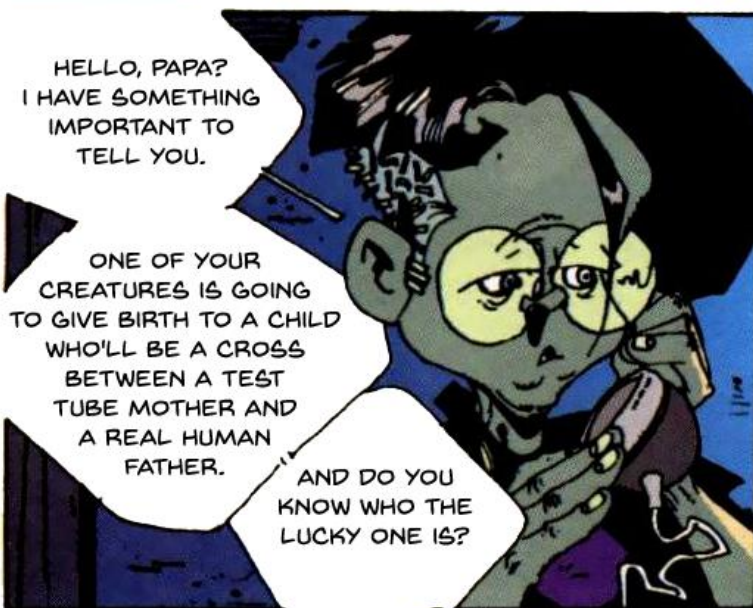
HOW COULD THAT  
FILTHY STRAY BEAST  
GET LAID BY A MAN  
BORN OF A WOMAN AND  
GENERATE A CHILD?





I HAVE  
A FEELING  
FATHER WON'T  
LIKE IT WHEN MY  
LITTLE MONSTER  
INTERRUPTS HIM  
IN HIS LAB.

GIVING HIM  
THIS NEWS WILL  
FILL HIM WITH  
ASTONISHMENT.



HELLO, PAPA?  
I HAVE SOMETHING  
IMPORTANT TO  
TELL YOU.

ONE OF YOUR  
CREATURES IS GOING  
TO GIVE BIRTH TO A CHILD  
WHO'LL BE A CROSS  
BETWEEN A TEST  
TUBE MOTHER AND  
A REAL HUMAN  
FATHER.

AND DO YOU  
KNOW WHO THE  
LUCKY ONE IS?



**CYBERSIX!**



HELLO?  
HELLO! IS THE  
LINE DEAD? ARE  
YOU STILL THERE,  
FATHER?



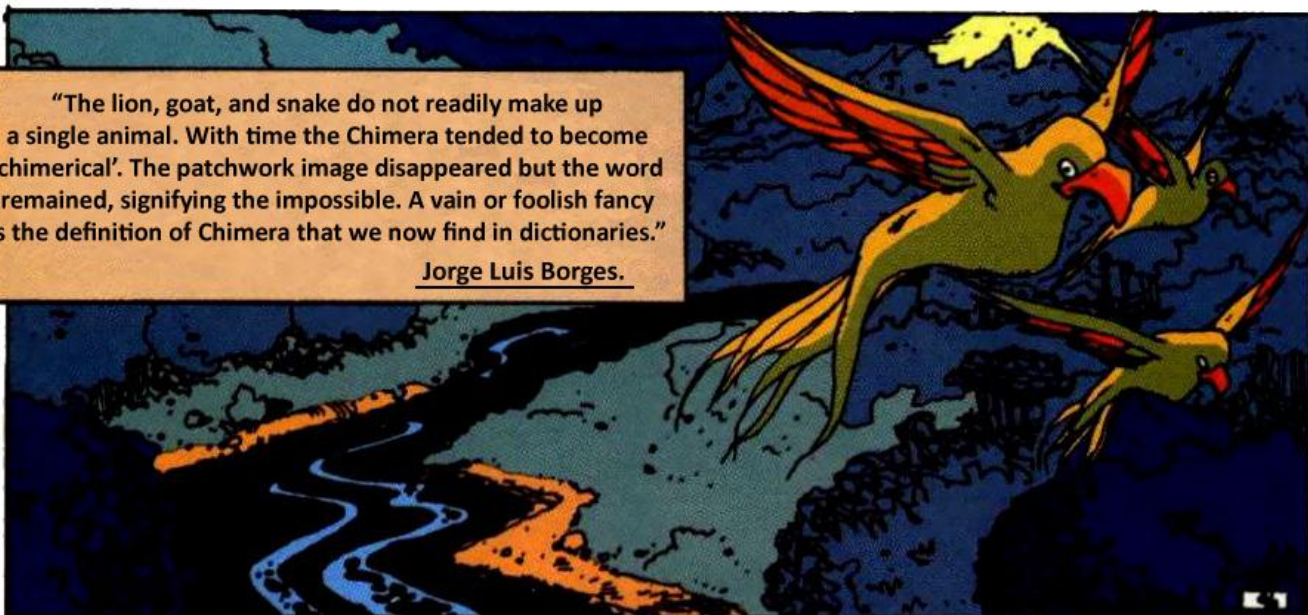






"The lion, goat, and snake do not readily make up a single animal. With time the Chimera tended to become 'chimerical'. The patchwork image disappeared but the word remained, signifying the impossible. A vain or foolish fancy is the definition of Chimera that we now find in dictionaries."

Jorge Luis Borges.



THE END



## SOME INFORMATION TO FINISH THIS BOOK

**T**HIS STORY WAS IN THE NEWSPAPERS THROUGHOUT 1984, EXACTLY TEN YEARS AGO: A COUPLE OF CHILEAN MILLIONAIRES MOVED TO AUSTRALIA, ONE OF THE LEADING COUNTRIES IN RESEARCH LINKED TO ASSISTED FERTILIZATION AND WITH A BROAD AND PERMISSIVE LEGISLATION. SINCE THEY COULDN'T HAVE CHILDREN, SEVERAL FERTILIZED EGGS WERE FROZEN AND STORED BUT, DURING A TRIP, THE PLANE THAT CARRIED ELSA AND MARIO RIOS (AS THEY WERE CALLED) CRASHED AND THEY BOTH DIED. AND THERE BEGAN THE WAR OVER THE POTENTIAL EMBRYOS. THE HEIRS WANTED TO DESTROY THEM (PERHAPS, RATHER THAN FOR MORAL REASONS, SO THAT THEY WOULDN'T LOSE THEIR INHERITANCE). OTHERS WANTED TO GIVE THEM TO ANOTHER COUPLE. SOME DOCTORS BELIEVED THEY HAD THE RIGHT TO





USE THEM FOR EMBRYONIC DEVELOPMENT RESEARCH. THE AUSTRALIAN SUPREME COURT, FINALLY, ORDERED THEM DESTROYED. UP TO THIS POINT, REALITY. FROM HERE, A BIT OF FICTION:

WERE THEY REALLY DESTROYED? WHAT IF IT WASN'T LIKE THAT AND A CRAZY SCIENTIST RESERVED ONE OF THOSE TINY THINGS TO CREATE LIFE? AND WHAT IF HE SUCCEEDED? WHAT IF THAT CHILD IS TODAY, SAY, TEN OR TWELVE YEARS OLD? WHAT HAPPENS IF TOMORROW OR THE DAY AFTER THEY SHOW UP IN A PSYCHOANALYST'S OFFICE TO EXAMINE THEIR PSYCHIC STRUCTURE? HOW WOULD THEIR OEDIPAL STAGE MANIFEST? WHAT WILL THEIR FANTASIES BE REGARDING A RELATIONSHIP WITH A MOTHER AND FATHER?

WE ARE FACING A REALITY IN WHICH GENETIC RESEARCH CAN PRODUCE ARTIFICIAL LIFE, COMBINE CABBAGES WITH RATS, COPY AND MULTIPLY CELLS, GROW TOMATOES, SHRINK PIGS AND CROSSBREED SPECIES TO CREATE WHAT, UNTIL RECENTLY, WE CALLED A CHIMERA. FROM HERE THERE IS ONLY ONE STEP TO BELIEVE WHAT THESE STORIES TELL IS TRUE. ONE VERY SHORT STEP.









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**This book collects  
the only colored issue  
of the comic series that  
is successful in Italy and  
France and which has  
produced almost 3000  
pages, an unprecedented  
undertaking in the history  
of Argentine comics.**





**"From the depths  
of Myth, comes the  
amazing Cybersix, the  
laboratory creature that  
strikes our sensibilities"  
Fernando Calvi.**